

THE  
LAST BLOW:  
OR, AN  
UNANSWERABLE VINDICATION  
OF THE  
*H. Academic*  
Society of EXETER College.

In REPLY to the  
VICE-CHANCELLOR, Dr. KING,  
and the Writers of the *London Evening Post*.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for S. CROWDER, and H. WOODGATE, in *Pater-noster Row*;  
and Sold by the Booksellers in *Oxford*.

MDCCLV.

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OR, A N.

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SOCIETY OF THE COLLEGE



IN THE CITY OF THE

VICE-CHANCELLOR, DR. KING

and the Warden of the London Evening Post.

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An Unanswerable

# VINDICATION

## OF THE

### Society of *Exeter* College.

**T**HERE is no Society in the world which seems, at first sight, in so melancholy a situation, and so much deserves to be pitied, as the Members of EXETER COLLEGE. We stand alone amidst a great and flourishing University, disrespectfully treated out of our own walls, and cut off from any communication with our fellow-students. *They that sit in the gate speak against us, and the drunkards make songs upon us.* Thus shunned by the other scholars of the University, and hooted, as we pass along the streets, even by the townsmen, we appear, as it were, consuming with a green and yellow melancholy; and to express ourselves once more in the words of the Royal Psalmist, *We are become a reproof among*



*among all our enemies, but ESPECIALLY AMONG OUR NEIGHBOURS: and they of our ACQUAINTANCE are afraid of us, and they that see us without, convey themselves away from us.*

But this very contempt with which we are treated here is looked upon, in a *greater place*, as an argument of our extraordinary merit: and we console ourselves, among the many affronts we receive, with the grateful recollection of our past conduct; and the comfortable reflection that it is our chief business here to stem the torrent of antiministerial principles, and to detect the many abominable PLOTS, that are continually brewing in this University. We also regard the Government as wounded through our sides; we give occasion for its being said, that the very streets of this place are paved with Disaffection and Jacobitism; and such is the peculiar temper of the times, and the present crisis of affairs, that we can represent our injuries as those of the Court, without fear of incurring the reproach formerly thrown on *Wolsey* for his *Ego & REX MEUS*:

To go still farther, this maltreatment from the people of this Town and University is in truth the greatest favour they can possibly confer on us. A lampoon on our behaviour from the other party is almost a firm assurance of our speedy preferment; and the notice that has been lately taken of us by the VICE-CHANCELLOR,

Doctor



Doctor KING, and the other principal people of the University, as certainly insures to us the reversions of Bishopricks, Canonries, and Prebendaries, as an hearty squeeze by the hand from a Prime Minister.

The *LONDON EVENING POST* is the grand channel through which all *well-affected* persons must make their way to Honours and Dignities. This assertion, paradoxical as it may appear, will upon examination be very evident; and is indeed one of the first and fundamental principles in EXETER politics. Whatever person of this University is libelled in that paper, is in the high road to preferment. This we know from experience to be true; but we can give no credit to those, who maliciously insinuate, that *well-affected* persons have been known to begin the attack upon themselves; and have endeavoured to recommend themselves to GREAT MEN, by publishing personal invectives against themselves in that paper.

This News-paper, every time it appears, shews itself to be founded on antiministerial principles: but it certainly required uncommon vigilance and address, to make an important discovery, which was never so much as thought of before; *viz.* that this paper is written, or at least conducted by our present VICE-CHANCELLOR. When the public once takes this for granted, they will easily account for all that is said of Us and Our party in that

that paper. Doctor KING himself, in his late APOLOGY, owns the having wrote an Epigram on the DIGNIFIED INFORMER, that was lately inserted in the *London Evening Post*, and that is just the same as if his writings constantly appeared there. For as we were some time since able to prove, that entertaining Freeholders in *New College* for *one* day was the same as our making entertainments for them during the *whole* time of the Poll; by the very same kind of logic we may now conclude, that Doctor KING's having wrote *one* piece in the *London Evening Post* is the same as if he had wrote a thousand.

But it was by no means sufficient satisfaction to persons so *well-affected* as ourselves, to *make* a discovery, that an antiministerial *London* News-paper was written by the chief people of this University. We thought it incumbent on us to oppose such formidable adversaries. Therefore, lest our enemies should have the whole game to themselves, we also took a racquet in our hands, and determined to keep up the ball. Without a metaphor, we set all hands to work, and entered with our whole forces into the *EVENING ADVERTISER*. Here, in order to serve the University, and promote the *true interest* of the place, we have been continually publishing all the old stories we could possibly furbish up of the disloyalty of *Oxford*; as well as all the scandalous dark reports that we could by any means rake together, which are flying about of the disaffection which at present



sent prevails in it. There is scarce one character of any eminence in the University, of whom we have not exhibited a strong *Caricature* in the *Evening Advertiser*; and so diligent have we been withal, that the most trivial transaction has not escaped us. The quarrels between common people in the streets have been manifestly shewn to be seditious tumults: but the use we made of one circumstance may fairly be regarded as a *Coup de maitre*. We represented the words, NO DASHWOOD, NO KING, which were bawled aloud in our streets, as words of the most treasonable import: when the truth of the matter was, that it was the cry of one of our own party in *St. Mary-Hall-Lane*, and originally meant to signify, that we would have NO SIR JAMES DASHWOOD, NO DOCTOR KING.

It is almost inconceivable how much benefit accrues to this place from our labours in the *Evening Advertiser*. We are indeed the chief supporters of strict discipline in the University. Do a few young gentlemen get drunk, and make a riot in the streets, or even in their own college? we no sooner hear of it, than we draw up a long account of the late treasonable proceedings in *Oxford*, and cry shame on *Oxford Honesty*. Is a song hawked about the town? we immediately discover the latent treason in that also, drag forth the sedition lurking beneath every stanza, and shew the very



tune to be Jacobitical. Is there a DOCTOR OF LAWS in the other party, generally esteemed eminent in his profession? we prove his knowledge to be shallow, and his whole skill in the law to consist in chicanery, quibbles, quirks, and evasions. Is there a Fellow of a College, or Head of a House, *whose face likes us not*, or, to speak out, is the VICE-CHANCELLOR himself free from our most open censure? Have we not boldly challenged him to the bar of the public? Have we not (with unexampled artifice and resolution) fairly turned the tables on him; and erected ourselves into magistrates, and treated him like a criminal? This we have done, and still continue to do; and yet such has been our conduct and good fortune, that we still remain in *Oxford* unpunished and unexpelled.

But our main drift in the *Evening Advertiser* is to convince the world, that we are the only *well-affected* persons in the University. If a Member of Parliament declares publicly in the House of Commons, that he believes *Oxford* very loyal to its King, we directly take hold of his random words, and explain ITS King to signify the PRETENDER. If we meet with an old Tory pamphlet on a stall, we father it on a person of eminence in *Oxford*, and fill whole columns of *Our Paper* with comments on the book, and abuse on the supposed author. We seek to discover sedition by mixing with the lowest of the people; and endeavour to detect treason

treason in alehouses and skittle-grounds. We hunt disaffection out of its most secret hiding places, ferret it out of all its dark holes and corners; and then, by publishing an account of it in the *Evening Advertiser*, display it openly to the eyes of the world.

This we effected in a very eminent manner in the wonderful discovery of the late *infamous* RAG-PLOT: A plot which was undoubtedly set on foot by the *worst* of men, and for the *worst* ends. With what extraordinary diligence did we pick, from a dirty heap, this horrible piece of treason, enveloped, as it was, in dirt and rags! and such was our uncommon zeal for the welfare of the Public, and the good of this University, that we instantly transmitted an account of it to the *London* papers, with an advertisement of a reward of fifty pounds for detecting the contrivers of it. But what is more surprising and meritorious is, that this whole business was dispatched, and even the *London* News-papers themselves arrived at *Oxford*, before any persons of the University had so much as heard a syllable of the Plot. Where were the officers of the University? where was the VICE-CHANCELLOR, that he did not make this discovery? it would be an office not unworthy of his high station, to sort every bundle of rags that is sold, and to see that nothing of a treasonable nature is mingled with them. RAGS are of more consequence than may be imagined. The very Rags that contained these abomi-



nable verses were going to the mill to be converted into paper, and might perhaps have been filled with other pieces equally shocking and detestable.

It may perhaps be alledged, that prying into filthy Rags is a province beneath the dignity of a VICE-CHANCELLOR ; but in this case we only assign him a province, which we actually undertook ourselves. We refuse *no dirty work whatever* that is for the good of the Cause. Our worthy friend also, *The DIGNIFIED INFORMER*, readily accepted his share in the business, and very chearfully consented to draw up the necessary advertisement, and even carried it to the printers himself. This neither the VICE-CHANCELLOR, or DOCTOR KING, or any of their friends would ever have done. Can it then be wondered at, if those men receive favours from the Government, who do so much to deserve them ? To say the truth, whatever preferments are bestowed upon us, can only be thought rewards for our trouble ; and, *the labourer is worthy of his hire.*

It has been said by our enemies, that we have never yet *informed* the public, who put these seditious verses among the Rags, or how they were conveyed there. That perhaps may appear hereafter. But we can *very safely* affirm, that they did not come there by accident ; that they were placed there with an evil design, and in order to hurt the University. Some have affirmed, and  
 Doctor



Doct<sup>r</sup> KING in his APOLOGY insinuates, that Mrs. C--rn--l placed the paper there ; and therefore, as they who hide can find, it is no wonder that she was the first person who discovered it. This we know has been advanced in order to cast reflections upon us : but, even taking this for granted, it rather enhances our merit in this affair, than detracts from it. For the woman is since broke, and it is universally allowed that *we have been the ruin of her*. So that we may fairly be said to have discovered the PLOT, and to have ruined the PLOTTER.

But the merits of the RAG PLOT are by this time so well known, that it is unnecessary to dwell on them any longer : nor need we insist on the great service we have done the University, by causing this affair to be canvassed all over the kingdom, and a reproachful advertisement against this place to stand for several weeks together in the front of the *Gazette*. The RAG PLOT is only one instance of the many signal services we have done the Nation, and this University, in the *EVENING ADVERTISER*. Our situation here daily furnishes us with new materials, and indeed we consider ourselves planted here as spies on the words and actions both of the gow<sup>n</sup>smen and common people. We shall therefore still carry on OUR PAPER with the same spirit and resolution, and continue to manifest the same zeal for the welfare of the public, and for the good fame of the University of *Oxford*.

But

But let us for a while go further back, and examine our other merits. The use Our Society was of, during the P O L L, is notorious, and acknowledged even by our adversaries. Nobody doubted the veracity of what we said, when we lately declared, that on such an occasion we would do the same again. We would draw our last cork, and spend our last drop of ale in the service of the NEW INTEREST. Did we not open our hospitable gates to take in the honest Freeholders? Did we not stand, with all the eagerness of Merry Andrews, crying out that Ours was the best booth in the fair? and when the good men were inclosed within our walls, did we not religiously quiet the scruples of their consciences, and instruct them what they were to do at the place of Poll? We also enlarged the narrow privileges of Elections, and brought in a new species of Voters, never so much as heard of before: which however, although they have hitherto been *quite unusual*, will, in all probability, be hereafter *Customary* Freeholders. All this, and much more, every body knows we have done; yet such is the petulance and malice of our adversaries, that this has even been objected to us. The VICE-CHANCELLOR, in his speech, has called the persons admitted, *vulgus profanum, famelicum, &c.* Allowing this to be true, what we have done is more worthy praise than reproof. For if these men were *profane* before their admittance, this fault must be greatly amended by their attending the prayers at our College chapel, as we have  
already



already shewn in Our DEFENCE that they did. Again, if they were *hungry*, how good and amiable a part was it in us, and how worthy the character of Ecclesiastics, to *feed the hungry* ! As to the

*Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademtum,*

There was, according to our way of thinking, nothing either *monstrous* or *horrible* in a set of drunken *New Interest* Voters, either in the Hall, or in the Chapel : and though some few, perhaps, might be so drunk that they could not *see*, (*cui lumen ademtum*) yet they were not so *blind* as not to poll for the *New Interest*.

But we can easily discern what is couched under the mask of that decency, so much contended for by the opposite party : we can readily account for the great clamour raised against our drunkenness and intemperance. It proceeds from their disaffection. Our excuse for the violation of sobriety within our walls, during the time of the Poll, will perhaps not be accepted by the VICE-CHANCELLOR, or DOCTOR KING, but all *well-affected* persons will be thoroughly satisfied, when they know that this drunkenness proceeded from repeated rounds of the most loyal toasts. We have heretofore *informed* concerning the drinking particular healths ; and we will now (according to the practice of the *EVENING ADVERTISER*, and all other



other loyal News-papers, on occasion of Birth-days, &c.) give an account of the toasts drank in *Exeter College* during the time of the Election.--His Majesty King *G E O R G E*. The ROYAL FAMILY in general. The *New Interest*. Lord PARKER. SIR EDWARD TURNER. The HIGH SHERIFF. The Game of ALL FOURS. In order to drink these toasts over and over were our barrels tapped, and bottles emptied; and whoever censures our being drunk on such an occasion cannot be *well-affected*; but if he comments on our behaviour, and takes notice of it as *unacademical*, he must be a rank *Jacobite*.

While we are displaying the merits of *Exeter College* during the time of the Poll, it would be the highest ingratitude to overlook a House that was inclosed within the Booths, together with our ever-memorable Back-Gate. This was a very needful Supplement to our College. Here we were advised and assisted by *council learned in the law*. Here our affairs were first adjusted, and all the intricacy of Election matters unravelled and explained. Here our private cabals were formed, and the chiefs of our party held their debates; and here every step proper to be taken was regulated by the best advice. This house was, on these and many other occasions, of infinite service, and a very lucky appendix to our college, a *sine quâ non*, or to speak plain English, a NECESSARY HOUSE.

But

But we should do great injury to the unparalleled merits of *Exeter College*, if we were only thus to write a general encomium on it. We will endeavour therefore to give each brilliant character in that eminent school of learning and politics his particular panegyric. It may seem indeed something odd that we should enter into our own praises; but as they have become *due* to us from our behaviour at the late Election, we are not ashamed to state the account ourselves, and make no doubt of receiving *full retribution* from our friends of the NEW INTEREST. We are aware that our list of heroes may not appear so illustrious as they deserve in the eyes of the University, since our actions and principles are of a different *colour* from theirs. Yet we will proceed, and make no doubt but our catalogue will contain such exalted characters, that none *like them* are to be found in *Trinity College*, *St. Mary Hall*, or perhaps any other college in the University.

The first eminent person that has been formerly a worthy Member of our Society, a gentleman, at whose name malice must be abashed, and detraction put to silence, is the H--- SH---FF. This illustrious character will never be forgot in *Oxfordshire*. The period in which this gentleman maintained the office of H--- SH---FF, will always be looked upon as the happy æra, from whence COPYHOLDERS may date their right of voting for Members of Parliament. This gentleman



also proved by a *bold experiment* that *Two* and *Two* make *FOUR*; or what is more strange, that a *Majority* and a *MINORITY* were the same thing. At least from a compassion natural to such a benevolent disposition, he was moved at the piteous condition of the *NEW INTEREST*, and kindly lifted their sinking cause to a level with that which was naturally triumphant.

*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa CATONI.* That is, in *English*; the *Majority* was the cause that had the sanction of *HEAVEN*, but the *Minority* was espoused by *The H---- SH----FF.*

Of our worthy *R--CT--R* we shall say no more than that he is a fit Head to fit Body; and we make no doubt but he will shortly be advanced to some high dignity in the Church. He has already shewn himself superior in place to the *Vice Chancellor*, by denying his power in this University, and calling him to task for a very small exertion of it. This was a proceeding, which neither *Doctor KING*, nor the Head of any other college would have ever dared to attempt; who all cherish an idle reverence and fondness for the Statutes of the University, and look upon a virulent attack on the *VICE CHANCELLOR* from the press, as a flagrant violation of them. If a former *R--CT--R* of our college was promoted first to a Deanery, and afterwards to a Bishoprick, *only* for a refutation of impudent



dent and blasphemous Freethinkers, and for a Defence of so *uninteresting* a cause as Christianity; what may not our present R--CT--R expect from a bold and unexampled defiance of the Governor of the University; and a DEFENCE of himself, of such *fellows* as we are, and of the NEW INTEREST?

At the head of these *Fellows* stands the Rev. Mr. BR---, one of the main pillars of the NEW INTEREST, and a distinguishing ornament of EXETER COLLEGE. He was very early taken notice of for his profound knowledge in the *Latin* tongue. It is well known that this *fellow* was to dispute in the schools on this question, *An liceat homini Christiano JURAM. suscipere?* The *juram.* in this question was generally looked upon as an abbreviation of *juramentum*, an *Oath*; but this ingenious disputant elegantly converted it into SURAM, a *Boot*.

*But PARTRIDGE ended all disputes;*

*He knew his trade, and called it Boots.*

SWIFT.

From which uncommon circumstance this clever *fellow* has ever since been known by the name of *Boots*. It must not however be imagined from his changing *Oath* into *Boot*, that our logician had any dislike to *Oaths*. Honest *Boots* is no nonjuror. He will swear and unswear, and swear again for the good of the

nation. He has already taken the oaths to the present government. But if there was (which heaven avert!) a revolution to-morrow, he would swear to the new establishment: and if, a short time after, there should be a happy restoration, he would *turn cat in pan* again, and stick to his first oaths. *Vicar of BRAY, Vicar of BRAY still* is his motto. And so perfectly does he understand the art of temporizing, that should the times become so ticklish, that it would be dangerous to incline too much to either side, he could go, like Prince *Volscius*, *bip, hop, one BOOT on, the other BOOT off.*

But *Prince Volscius* in LOVE! *ha! ha! ha! ha!* We have heard that a Dryad of *Shotover* wood met a valiant knight, and prevailed on him to descend from his palfry to administer to the flesh, after he had been administering to the spirit. His *Theodosia* and the force of love soon persuaded him to fly to her relief; and this *Battle of the Wood* shall ever be remembered, together with his Clerical character, as an emblem of *Church Militant.*

His zeal as a partizan for the NEW INTEREST will never be forgotten, and can never be sufficiently rewarded. The company he entertained at his rooms were such guests as bring him the *honour he deserves*, as has been proved by *affidavits*. The *vulgus profanum famelicum*, &c. (if such were in *Exeter College* during the Poll)

Poll) came not to Mr. Boots. His room was reserved for such company as even drew upon them the notice and *respect* of the VICE CHANCELLOR. When we consider at once the complicated merit of Mr. Boots, his deep knowledge in *Latin* and Logic, his prowess in the *Battle of the Wood*, and his strict attachment to the NEW INTEREST, it is hard to conceive what promotions and dignities will make him tolerable amends.

*A Canon! that's a place too mean;*

*No, Thomas, thou shalt be a Dean,*

or a Bishop, or something more adequate to thy uncommon merits. And when thou art fully invested in ecclesiastic honours, far be it from me to say with the profane vulgar, that the DIGNIFIED B---Y may be compared to *the Ass laden with preferments*.

The next eminent character to whose merits we would do justice is the Reverend Dr. C---ss---t. But as it is very difficult to delineate this *fellow* in colours sufficiently strong and lively, it is very fortunate for us and the Doctor, that *Hogarth* has undertaken that task. In the print of an Election Entertainment the public will see the Doctor represented sitting among the freeholders, and zealously eating and drinking for the sake of the *New Interest*. His venerable and humane aspect



pect will at once bespeak the dignity and benevolence of his heart. Never did alderman at *Guild-Hall* devour custard with half such an appearance of a love to his country, or swallow ale with so much of the air of a patriot. These characteristics the pencil of Mr. *Hogarth* will undoubtedly make manifest: but it is much to be lamented that his words also cannot appear in this print, and that the artist cannot delineate that persuasive flow of eloquence which could prevail upon COPYHOLDERS to abjure their base tenures, and swear themselves Freeholders. But this oratory (far different from the balderdash cant of TULLY and Doctor KING concerning Liberty and our Country) as the genius of mild ale alone could inspire; this *fellow* alone could deliver.

But *hic vir! hic est!* here comes the man, here comes the glory of the tribe, *Little BENJAMIN their Ruler*, or in simple terms the Rev. Mr. K--NN--C--T! This Gentleman has entirely exploded the old axiom in philosophy, *ex nihilo nihil fit*: for though he came from *nothing*, his very enemies are now obliged to acknowledge him to be *something* of consequence. Indeed these very enemies were the people that made him so. They lifted him from the dirt in which he lay groveling in obscurity, and added splendor to his character by an University Degree. But these are favours which this high-minded gentleman now despises:

ses: his ambitious soul preys at nobler game, and the thoughts of presentations to livings preclude the ~~the~~ thought of presentations to Degrees, however great, however honorary. Let none deny that dunghills breed the noblest fruit, and bring them the most effectually to maturity. Although, as Doctor KING in his Apology has insinuated, this *fellow* came originally from the cobbler's stall, it is by no means fit that he should be sent thither again. Nor, we trust, will he: he will rather rise on account of his extraordinary merits by gradual promotions, till he fills a nobler STALL, and looks back with grateful recollection upon that he came from.

As a specimen of his abilities witness the *EVENING ADVERTISER* *passim*! witness Our DEFENCE! In both these instances he has evidently shewn his talents for controversial writings, and a thorough knowledge of the old rule in debates of this sort, "Throw a great deal of dirt and some will stick." How has he bespattered the VICE CHANCELLOR, and pelted him without any sort of deference to his station and character through an whole octavo pamphlet! excepting one page, in which he has shovelled up as much dirt as could possibly be raked together, and discharged it with great violence at Doctor KING.

So uniyersal is the merit of *Exeter College*, that the  
same



same spirit which animates the Fellows, has infused itself even into the Servants. Witness the late WATCH PLOT! which was near rising to an equality with the RAG PLOT. The picture of the Pretender had like to have insinuated itself into a Watch-case, by much the same means, that verses in his favour made their way into a bundle of Rags. The contriver of this Plot was that *cunning shaver*, Mr. *H--rn--r*, a Barber, and Butler to Our College. We do not pretend to take the merits of this Plot to ourselves: we do not say that we instructed him, and that if this Plot had not been unhappily nipped in the bud, Mr. *H--rn--r* had directions from us to *make* a discovery, when the scheme should be ripe for execution. We do not absolutely claim the merits of this *well-affected* action; but only just hint to the world, that this *H--rn--r*, who was on the brink of commencing *Informer*, is Butler to Our College. We cannot help adding, that as a Barber is a *matriculated* person, *H--rn--r* ought to be distinguished in a particular manner by the University.

*H--rn--r* is indeed a faithful servant; and no doubt but the *New Interest*, as well as the loyal Fellows of *Exeter*, will reward him tenfold. But alas! the Sun has its spots, and even Our College has its blemishes. A *Fox* crept in among us innocent *Geese*, and began to make cruel devastations among us. Our friends may perhaps wonder at our comparing ourselves to *Geese*; but



but they are become great favourites with us, and we have lately celebrated them in the *EVENING ADVERTISER*. Geese were the first *Informers*. They cackled at *Rome* for the preservation of the Capitol. Thus we cackle in *Oxford*, and weekly display our Goose-quills in the *Evening Advertiser*. FOX is our aversion. He refused to vote for the *New Interest*, only because he had no Freehold. Was that at all material? Did we not, towards the close of the Poll, pour in scores of Voters that had no Freeholds? Did we not poll some men twice, nay, thrice, in downright scorn of the pillory erected by the other party? Was it not then monstrous impudence and ingratitude in this fellow to refuse to vote, and abandon us in the last extremity?

But the disaffection of this fellow is very evident in other circumstances. He was principally concerned in dressing the entertainment made at the Town-Hall by the *Old Interest*; and after his being any ways employed by such a party, it is no wonder that he refused to vote without a legal qualification. A man of such principles might do very well for a cook at *Trinity College*, or *St. Mary-Hall*, but *useful* people are wanted at *Exeter*. Indeed, no *well-affected* Society could have retained him after such behaviour; and therefore we cast him forth from among us as a *Jacobite*. For such he must be, who, on any account whatever, could refuse to take the *necessary Oaths* at so critical a juncture.

Considering the kindred principles that prevail in Our College; considering the congenial disposition that influences every member of it, it must for ever be lamented that the *Grand Informer* was not an honour to it. *Braxe-Nose* has no innate merit of this kind. This extraordinary person came by accident among them, and soon shewed himself to be of a different generation. He first founded the sect of *Informers* in this University, which is now become numerous and considerable: and indeed we can never want sufficient matter while we continue so industrious to create it.

We cannot however but look with reverential awe on our *Grand Original*, and acknowledge our gratitude to him for honouring us with his protection and alliance. How venerable is the character of this man! and indeed it is so universally known, that he is equally respected by all ranks of people. How exceedingly is he beloved and carested by the good people of *Windsor*! who all express their sense of his promotion in the most significant terms; and give him daily instances of their satisfaction at his being settled among them. Their whole conversation is about him, and the *visible distinction* made between him and the rest of the *Canons* plainly shews what they think of his uncommon merits.

The



The EVENING ADVERTISER is an incontestable evidence of his abilities. This paper continually proves him *as much* a wit, as a critic; *as much* a scholar as a gentleman; and is made use of to promote the Ecclesiastic, while it spreads the reports of the *Informers*. Whatever assistance we can give to an undertaking so well suited to our abilities, we readily contribute. We have dipt our pens in gall, and woe be to the *Vice-Chancellor*! Woe be to Doctor *King*! Woe be to the *University of Oxford*! *Bla---o* can nurse a treasonable tale, and make it of consequence. He can make so loud and terrible an alarm, that the story (however ridiculous, however incredible) shall be transferred from the EVENING ADVERTISER to the GAZETTE, and obtain the sanction of superior authority. The *Watch-Plot* indeed failed, but others may succeed; and opportunities cannot long be wanting to persons so indefatigable. The Touchstone of party is certain and never-failing: therefore we shall brand all our adversaries as foes to the Government, for whoever dislikes us, cannot be *well-affected*.

It is with unspeakable pleasure that we look on the preferment of the *Grand Informer*, and congratulate *Windsor* on such an accession of honour to its Cathedral. But we hope to see him yet more *Dignified*, and that the detection of some new *Plot* will procure



him a *Bishoprick*. Perhaps, notwithstanding the general reputation of *Windsor* for loyalty, some evil machinations may soon appear there *from some quarter or other*. People of great talents, in any profession, cannot suffer them to lay idle; and *Bl---o*, mindful of his old rule, *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*, will either find a *Plot*, or make one. Doctor *King* in his *Apology* (pag. 13.) wonders "How We Reverend *Informers* are able to reconcile the profession of "Pseudology with another profession which we have "been permitted to assume, and which plainly enjoins "a very contrary practice." This is a marvellous proof of the Doctor's ignorance: for it is this very tacking the clerical character to that of *Informers* which makes it such a thriving trade. Preferment is the price of *informing*. If that was not the case, the *Grand Informer* himself might still skulk in the pot-houses in *Oxford*, and *K---nn---t* might succeed his father in repairing old shoes, and giving out *two staves* in a country church. But *Bl--co* is a Canon, hopes to be still more; and if high promotions continue to be the reward of *informing*, the Lawn and the Mitre will become almost the sole property of the *Fellows of Exeter*.

After a display of *such a set of Fellows* as no other College in either University can produce, the reader will undoubtedly be quite reconciled to the Society of *Informers*. He will perhaps entertain a high idea of  
us,

us, and of our great consequence in this University. He must indeed conceive great respect for characters, so infinitely superior to the *Vice-Chancellor*, that they could call him to account in his own house, and afterwards treat him with the greatest contempt in *Our Defence*. He must also applaud our resolution and perseverance, when he observes us still continuing to attack our Chief Magistrate almost constantly three times a week in the *Evening Advertiser* : never letting one opportunity slip of either lashing him, or Doctor *King*, or some other Member of the University ; or at least inserting two or three laboured paragraphs to shew the *Disaffection* of *Oxford* in general.

We hope the reader has attended to our main drift in this, and all our other performances ; and is particularly and thoroughly convinced that we are *well-affected* ; and, besides, the *only* persons who are *well-affected* in the University. This is the main scope of all our Pamphlets and News-papers, and we prove our own loyalty by detecting the disloyalty of the rest of the world. How disaffected a place is *Oxford* ! The *Vice-Chancellor* is a Jacobite. Why ? because he reprimanded Our College. In the dutiful expressions of his attachment to the King and Royal Family he certainly meant the Pretender ; at least *we represented his words so to ourselves in English*. Every minute circumstance in this place is an evidence of jacobitism. The picture-shops are stuck  
full



full of prints of Mr. *Rowney*, with a *Latin* motto under them, *Pro Patria*; which means the Pretender. One of the principal coffee-houses in the *Highstreet* is called *James's* coffee-house. Can any thing be more flagrantly jacobitical? There is also an inn in the *Highstreet* called *The King's Head*; and whose Head is it? Not King *GEORGE's*, no, King *CHARLES's*. Besides all this, one of the chief *Old Interest* inns is the *Flower de Luce*, which, by a very slight knowledge of *Inuendo*, may denote the connexions and attachment of that party.

Since then the gross disaffection of the people of *Oxford* is so very palpable, is there not need for the *well-affected* members of One college to be planted as spies on the actions of the rest. Ought not the world to be informed of these particulars? and yet these things have hitherto passed unnoticed and uncorrected. The posies in rings, the heads engraved on seals, the *Pictures in Watch-Cases*, &c. were never duly observed till very lately: nor was there ever so much as *ONE PLOT* detected in *Oxford*, 'till the Society of *EXETER* became a Society of *INFORMERS*.

The principal characters of Our Society, which we have here sketched out, furnish a very striking contrast to all the other part of the University. Doctor *KING* may deny his being the author of *Political Considerations*,  
he



he may palliate the guilt of the *Dreamer*; but he cannot deny the speeches he has made in The Theatre, he cannot deny that they have been received with shoutings and acclamations, and that he is the universal favourite of this University. This is a sufficient proof of his disaffection. We, who are *well-affected*, are universally detested. Nobody loves us; nobody praises us: but we sit alone and apart from the rest of the University. *We are like an owl in the desert, or a pelican in the wilderness.*

As to the VICE-CHANCELLOR we shall not argue the case with him, but treat him in our usual fashion, and attack him once more in the style and manner of *The DEFENCE*.----- Well, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, who are you? You have nothing to do with *Our College*, Mr. Vice-Chancellor. You say you are on *Slippery-Ground*. Have a care we do not catch you *tripping*, Mr. Vice-Chancellor. What business have you with us? Why do you not take notice of *New-College*? But Doctor KING made your speech, Mr. Vice-Chancellor. He set himself to sale, and was found not worth the purchase: but we have been bought up at a very good price, Mr. Vice-Chancellor.

What has been here said must be allowed an *Unanswerable Vindication of the Society of EXETER COLLEGE*, and indeed must be the substance of all the just *Vindications*

tions and *Defences* that ever shall be made.  
 But we will have the *last word* as well as the first.  
 Among other answers to Doctor King, of great im-  
 portance, Mr. K-n-n-c-t will shew, in a *Re-  
 nesis*, that the *Old Serpent* was but a type of his  
 arguments, and those of all the rest of the world.  
 be enforced three times a week by the  
 INFORMER in the *Evening Advertiser*.

But before we conclude, it is necessary to make  
 one aspersions thrown on us by Doctor King's  
 Apology. He says we do not understand him, and  
 convince him that we are thorough adepts in the art.  
 will here present him with an *English* version of his  
 other Contrast to the *Latin* verses that he made in  
 Apology.

*Are we not wise, if we despise disgrace,  
 To get a living, pension, or a place?  
 For this shall EXETER her honour pawn  
 And rise from Rags and Cobbling to the Throne  
 For this shall C--ff--r--t, B---y, K--nn--  
 Write papers, pamphlets; slander, lie and cheat  
 Till by degrees the whole INFORMING FLEET  
 Promoted shall salute the Royal Hand;  
 Sit blest, like BL--co, in a Canon's Stall  
 And smile at BRAZE-NOSE, and St. MA*



be made of them.  
vell as the *last blow*.  
*King*, of equal im-  
in a treatise on *Ge-*  
pe of *Dr. King*; and  
ft of the Society will  
by the GRAND  
*Advertiser*.

ecessary to wipe off  
Doctor *King* in his  
derstand *Latin*. To  
adepts in it, we  
*lish* Parody, or ra-  
that conclude his

*grace,*  
*ce?*  
*pawn,*  
*to the LAWN.*  
K--nn--c--t  
*ie and plot:*  
ING BAND  
*and;*  
*s Stall,*  
t. MARY-HALL.